



WITH unfathomed seas to the east,
With the cross of St. George to the north,
With unpenetrated forests to the west,
And the yellow banner of Spain to the south.
Such were the narrow confines of the country, the new-born nation of freemen, over which Old Glory was first unfurled.

When those fifty-six sires of a nation signed that imperishable document at Philadelphia in 1776 they were dreaming of a principle, not of territory.

Little did the comrades of Washington think that the starry banner, then meaningless save to one people, then despised and spat upon by many of the monarchies of Europe, was destined to encircle the world; to spread its protecting folds from ocean to ocean; cross the broad Pacific and cover the islands of that mighty sea, then practically an unexplored waste of waters.

But where flies Old Glory to-day?
Westward the star of empire took its way.
The hardy pioneer with gun and axe penetrated the forests and blazed the trail for the flag of civilization.

He planted his banner on the top of the Alleghenies.
He guided his canoe down the swirling waters and planted it again in the fertile valley of the Mississippi.

Westward, ever westward, marched Old Glory.

Across the broad stream the lilies of France offered defiance for a short time, and then gave way before the advancing power that brooked no opposition.

Beneath its protecting folds he builded his rude cabin.

Beneath it he turned the virgin soil of the prairie.

It floated from the flagstaves of the growing villages.

Under it cross-road settlements grew into cities; schools and churches thrived; industries prospered, and a nation grew strong and great.

Braving every peril, ever westward,

From the top of the lofty summits of the Rockies this agent of civilization looked down upon golden California, and advanced.

From the shores of the broad Pacific waved Old Glory.

To the south the banner of Spain had given way before it; to the north the banner of St. George had been crowded back, and its territory sharply defined; to the southwest Mexico had made way for it. It



floated unchallenged from the flagpoles that stretched from ocean to ocean. To every section of a broad nation it carried its guarantee of freedom.

But where flies Old Glory to-day?
It has given to Hawaii a freedman's rule.
It floats from the flagstaves of the Somoas.
It has displaced the rule of tyranny in the Philippines.
It represents justice and equality in Porto Rico.

From the mastheads of the ships on every sea, in every port, flies Old Glory. It is respected in every land and by every people. To its protecting folds flock the downtrodden and oppressed of all nations, and to all that are worthy it offers a welcoming hand. It represents to-day a world power, greatest in the counsels of nations. A power whose word is unquestioned; whose might has been proven.

But Old Glory has represented more than an expanding nation. It has created a new hope in the breasts of men. It has disputed the God-given rights of kings. It has overthrown the absoluteism of Europe. It has driven Spain from the new world, and founded new nations. It has dictated equitable terms of peace to nations at war.

Old Glory!
God bless the flag. God keep it right, and strong and powerful in the right.

May its white stars be never soiled by injustice to the weak.
May their blue field be ever as expansive as the sky of heaven.
May its red stripes ever represent the strength of a just cause.
Symbol of a people's freedom, of a nation's power, of its greatness, of its justice, of God-given equality, its meaning is known the world over.

To-day the sun never—and may it never—sets on Old Glory.
WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.



The Fourth of July

By T. C. HARBAUGH

Old Glory is waving on land and on sea,
The hope of the Nation, the pride of the free,
Our fleets bear it outward to harbors afar,
And dear to the eye is the gleam of each star;
In beauty it floats over hemlock and pine,
Adown to our orange-fringed tropical line,
Our fathers beneath it were willing to die,
And new luster it gets on the Fourth of July.

The Old Continentals! methinks that they come
Out of the past at the tap of the drum,
Their swords are aloft and their bayonets shine
And Washington rides at the head of the line;
There Sumter and Schuyler are fighting again,
And yonder is charging "Mad Anthony" Wayne!
They fought and they fell 'neath the Union's blue sky,
And gave to Columbia her Fourth of July.

We reach out from ocean to ocean afar,
A nation of freemen all matchless in war,
Our eagle's a-wing, of his grandeur unshorn,
For never by foe has his plumage been torn;
And woe to the hand that would fetter his flight,
Or sully the banner he guards in his might;
He watches our land from his eagle on high,
And our flag waves for him on the Fourth of July!

Our forefathers gave us this home of the free,
And tenderly guarded young Liberty's tree;
Undaunted in battle heroic they stood
And nourished the soil with the best of their blood;
Blow, blow the wild bugles, but not for the fray,
The morning has dawned upon Liberty's day;
Unfold the proud emblem that kisses the sky
For this is the world's only Fourth of July.

The rollicking drums! let them sound in their might,
And rally the people, but not for the fight;
The land is a-fire, and the rocket's fierce fire
Will show where our eagle mounts higher and high'r;
And listen! o'er Brandywine's historic plain
The old Continentals are swarming again;
With the tread of the brave and the soldier's true eye,
They march, as it were, to our Fourth of July.

The Past is our pride and the cycles of fate
Await us inside of the Century's gate;
We dress to the colors that flutter and shine,
While Liberty's stands at the head of the line;
Look up at the Flag that will never grow old
As long as the tale of our fathers is told!
As long as our land is our home may it fly
To crown with its glory each Fourth of July.



DON'TS FOR THE FOURTH

Don't allow the firecrackers to go off in the grass unless you want the lawn ruined.

Don't wear a thin inflammable frock. Put on a cloth skirt if there are firecrackers about.

Don't attempt to set off complicated pyrotechnics without thoroughly comprehending the process.

Don't lay away left-over fireworks for another year. They are dangerous things to pack away where mice can get at them. Buy only so many as can be used on the day appointed.

Mere Pleasantries.
Sky Rocket—Ah! I'm going off on the Fourth, and have a high old time.
Pin Wheel—Bah! You're always shooting off about yourself. I never blow about it, but generally have a say little whirr myself.

Kodol FOR DYSPEPSIA

DIGESTS WHAT YOU EAT Relieves Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Belching of Gas, etc.
For Backache—Weak Kidneys try DeWitt's Kidney & Bladder Pills—Sure and Safe
PREPARED ONLY AT THE LABORATORY OF
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General Contractors

Operates in all the Towns in the Territory

S. E. PELPHREY

Gen'l Manager Cimarron, N. M.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION FILED

The following articles of incorporation have recently been filed in the office of the territorial secretary at Santa Fe:

The Cimarron Valley Telephone company, with principal office at Cimarron, N. M. Its object is to own and operate telephones and telephone lines, etc., in the territory. The capital stock will be \$100,000, divided into 1,000 shares with a par value of \$100 each. The incorporators are Charles Springer, George E. Remley and Frederic Whitney, all of Cimarron.

The Cimarron Electric Light and Power company, with principal office at Cimarron. Its object is to own and operate plants for the generation and distribution of electricity for various purposes. The capital stock will be \$100,000, divided into 1,000 shares with a par value of \$100 each. The incorporators are Charles Springer, George E. Remley and Frederic Whitney, all of Cimarron.

ST. LOUIS, ROCKY MOUNTAIN & PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

Passenger



Schedule

Wells Fargo Express

Train No. 31 Mon., Wed., Friday	Train No. 1 Daily	Distance from Baton	STATIONS.	Train No. 2 Daily	Train No. 30 Mon., Wed., Friday
7:00 am	4:00 pm	7	Leaves RATOY Arrives	12:15 pm	6:35 pm
7:25 am	4:25 pm	13	Leaves CLIFTON HOUSE JCT. Lv	11:35 am	6:15 pm
7:50 am	4:45 pm	13	Leaves S. PRESTON Leaves	11:40 am	5:45 pm
8:20 am	5:00 pm	20	Arr. KOEHLER JCT. Arr	11:00 am	5:20 pm
	5:20 pm	23	Arr. KOEHLER Arr	11:10 am	
9:10 am	5:50 pm	33	Arr. VERMILIO Arr	10:15 am	4:05 pm
9:35 am	6:15 pm	41	Lv. CERROSOSO Lv	9:35 am	3:45 pm
10:10 am	6:30 pm	47	Arr. CIMARRON Arr	9:55 am	3:15 pm
11:30 am		60	Lv. UTE PARK Lv		2:40 pm
12:30 pm			Arr. DES MOINES Arr		1:40 pm

Connects with El Paso & Southwestern Ry. train 124, arriving in Dawson, N.M., at 6:10 p.m.
Connects with El Paso & Southwestern Ry. train No. 123, leaving Dawson, N.M., at 10:35 a.m.
Stage for Van Houten meets trains at Preston, N.M.
W. A. GORMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.,
Baton, New Mexico

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